

THE LIGUORIAN

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"I Know Mine and Mine Know Me"

Back, back in the eternal years,
I thought, dear child, of thee;
And thou wert Mine, for all thy fears,
Throughout eternity.

Thee I brought forth upon My cross,
From out my open side,
For thee I suffered pain and loss,
For thee I wept and died.

Thee, thee, I clothed with robes of grace,
And pressed thee to My Heart.
Thou art My Pride, beloved one,
No more from Me to part.

When this, thy pilgrimage, is done,
When this sad dream is o'er,
A Queen at My right hand thou'lt be
On Heaven's eternal shore.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

Father Casey had taken the way that nearly all of us must take sooner or later—the way to the dentist's. He had climbed the polished stair, so dark and forbidding to one with an aching tooth to fill. Mechanically he had read the sign: "Doctor Waite," and below it, the ironical legend: "Painless Dentistry". Pushing open the door of the waiting room, whom should he find there but one of his own lads from St. Mary's School—Emmet Mallin, the cross of his parents, teachers, and pastor, the terror of all the cats and maiden ladies in the block, and the pest of every Chinaman and banana vender in the sixth ward. Here was Emmet, not as usual prosecuting simultaneously half a dozen distinct campaigns of mischief with bewilderingly inventive "cussedness", but sitting demurely beside his mother. Ah, when a fellow really needs a friend, who sticks to him like a mother! And Emmet was in dire need of a friend; he was tortured by a fierce jumping toothache, and, at the same time, unnerved by an ungovernable fear of the big, burly dentist who was at that moment behind the screen, bending over little Rosemary Glynn and using a hundred goodnatured deceptions to distract her thoughts long enough to attend to a decayed tooth.

"Why, Emmet," cried the priest, "what a fat, rosy cheek! The boys couldn't call you Skinny if they saw you now."

Emmet hurriedly drew a furtive sleeve over his wet eyes, then caressed the swollen cheek and said:

"If it didn't hurt so much I'd like to be this way all the time. It's fierce to be skinny." And he looked down with supreme disgust on the spindle legs that dangled from his chair. "But it hurts too much—Ouch!"

"You know, Emmet," observed the priest, "a good Christian is glad when he has a chance to suffer in penance for his sins."

"Gee! will the toothache count for my penance," cried the lad brightening up for an instant to his old irrepressible self. "I didn't finish the penance you gave me last Saturday in Confession. I got seven of the Hailey Marys to say yet."

"Shame on you for neglecting your penance so long!" interrupted his mother.

"'Taint no sin as long as you say it before the next time you go to Confession; is it, Father?"

"If the priest tells you to say it at a certain time, it is a sin—generally only a venial sin—not to say it at that time."

"I mean," pursued Emmet, "when he doesn't say any time—just says: As your penance recite three decades of the beads; like you said to me last Saturday."

"Even when the priest does not designate the time, you would commit a sin by postponing your penance very long, for you would run the risk of forgetting it altogether. If however you had solid reason to be certain that you would not forget it, then you would not sin, even if you did not say it before your next Confession. There is no special law prescribing that you must finish the penance received in one Confession before you go to Confession again. But aside from sin, it is a lazy, slipshod practice to postpone the penance received for your sins. You ought to have enough sorrow for having committed those sins and enough gratitude to God for having pardoned them to kneel there in the church and pray a while after Confession. And surely the very best prayer you can possibly say at that time is your penance. Another reason for saying your penance right away is the certitude that it will benefit you then. If you postpone it, you may fall back into mortal sin before you have it finished. A penance said in mortal sin is valid, but it does not do you any good—does not take away any of the temporal punishment due to your sins."

"All right, Father, I'll say my penance right away after Confession the next time. But can I count the toothache for my last penance?"

"No, you cannot. A penance is a judicial sentence pronounced upon you by the priest in his sacerdotal character of judge or representative of Christ. The work which he imposes upon you in Confession, that, and that alone, is your penance. You cannot validly choose something else in place of it."

"If the priest knew I was going to have a toothache, could he give me that for penance?"

"Not the toothache itself; that is not voluntary. A penance must be something you do of your own free will. What the priest could have said is this: As your penance bear patiently the toothache you are about to have. But I am afraid you would not have performed that penance, for you were not patient; was he, Mrs. Mallin?"

"Well, Father, if you heard him roaring about the house, you would think not. But from the time I told him he would have to have the

tooth pulled if it kept on hurting, he bore it with a great deal more patience."

"Mom," he asked anxiously, "do you think Doc will hurt me very much? He seems to be hurting that other kid like everything." [For Rosemary was proving anything but a patient subject in the hands of the dentist.]

"That is because she is a girl," said Father Casey. "A boy would count that nothing."

This was a body blow for poor Emmet. He threw out his chest and tried to look brave, but only with indifferent success. He could face without a tremor the ordeal of having a whole row of teeth knocked out by a brick in a free-for-all fight, but the cold-blooded scientific methods of a smiling, soft-spoken dentist in a white jacket and apron unnerved him. His good mother understood this and tried to take his mind off his troubles by returning to the matter of penance.

"Father," she questioned, "is our Confession bad if we do not say our penance?"

"If you confess your sins and are truly sorry for them, and the priest gives you absolution, your sins are forgiven, whether you say your penance afterwards or not. Yet you will commit a *new* sin by wilfully neglecting the penance. The performance of your penance does not pertain to the validity of your Confession, but merely to its completeness. However if, at the very moment that the priest gave you the penance, you made up your mind not to perform it, your Confession would be bad. When the priest gives you absolution, he, by the power of God, takes away the guilt and the eternal punishment of your sins. However there still remains some of the temporal punishment which must be taken away by the penance. If you do not say the penance, or if the penance is not great enough for the sins, the temporal punishment must be taken away by indulgences, by the sufferings God sends you in this world, or by the excruciating pains of Purgatory. The works which the priest imposes upon you as a penance, receive a certain divine power, so that they are capable of taking away more of the temporal punishment due to your sins than they could ever take away if they were not imposed as a penance. From this you see the benefit of having the priest give you a big penance so that a great many of your prayers and good works will be invested with this extraordinary divine power. Some people think that the priest is

cruel when he gives them a big penance; in reality he is doing them an unspeakable favor."

"Geel!" was all that Emmet said; but that one word expressed volumes.

"However, the taking away of the temporal punishment due to sin is not the only purpose of the penance; it should furthermore aim at preserving you from falling back into those sins. Hence the priest should try to find a penance adapted to this purpose. This will help you to understand why the priest sometimes gives penances that appear odd. To one penitent he says: Your besetting sin is avarice; you love money so inordinately that you have been unjust towards your customers, towards your employees. As penance give ten dollars to the sisters for the support of the orphans. To another he says: You have pampered your body by sins of impurity or gluttony. As penance chastise your body by fasting next Friday and Saturday—by abstaining from tobacco and liquor for three days—by taking your coffee without sugar or denying yourself dessert at dinner for a week. To another he says: You have been very hateful and rude towards your good mother. As penance perform at least one definite act of kindness towards her daily for the next five days. To another he says: You have been shamefully vain of your looks and of your clothes. As penance do not wear your new Easter bonnet for the next two weeks. To another he says: In order to break that ugly habit of lying, as your penance wash out your mouth with soap and water every time you tell a deliberate falsehood between now and your next Confession. These are examples of the special penances which the priest may give to prevent his penitents from falling back into special sins. However prayer is generally the best preventive against sins of all kinds. When the great St. Alphonsus heard the Confession of people addicted to the degrading sin of impurity he would often say: As your penance recite three Hail Marys morning and evening in honor of the purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, adding the invocation, "By your Immaculate Conception, O Mary, make my body pure and my soul holy". Take this as your penance for two weeks, and afterwards try to keep it up as a pious practice. The Saint claims that this penance proved an almost infallible remedy."

"Sometimes I forget whether the priest told me to say my penance in honor of the Sacred Heart or in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary," said Mrs. Mallin.

"In that case," replied Father Casey, "it suffices to make the intention of saying your penance for whatever the priest prescribed. God will remember what that was even if you do not."

"And once when he told me to say it kneeling before the shrine of our Mother of Perpetual Help, there were so many people in church that I was too bashful to go up there."

"You should have done as the priest told you," replied Father Casey. "However, so long as you said the penance he imposed, it was valid, even though you did not say it before the shrine."

"I am always so distracted when I try to say my penance! Sometimes when the priest gives a rosary, I say it three or four times before I can say it right, and even then I am not satisfied."

"That is foolish!" said Father Casey. "When the priest gives *one* rosary for a penance, say it *once* and this is enough, no matter how many distractions comes to your mind. The second and third rosary would not be your penance even if you wanted them to be so. Your penance was finished when you said the first rosary; you have not the power to transfer it to the second or the third rosary."

"What must we do if we cannot say the penance the priest gives us? Can we take something else?"

"No, you cannot. The penance must always be designated by the priest and not by the penitent. If you know at the time that you cannot say the penance that the priest is imposing, you must humbly and respectfully tell him so, and he will change it. If you find out only after you have left the confessional, then the next time you go to Confession (it makes no difference whether you go to the same priest or to another) tell the priest what you had received as penance and ask him to change it into something that you are able to do."

"I wouldn't wait till my next Confession to have the priest change my penance," observed Emmet. "I'd ask the priest when he came out to umpire our ball game."

"It would be useless to ask him then," corrected Father Casey. "The priest has no power to change or commute your penance except in Confession. A penance is a judicial sentence, and it is only in Confession that the priest is empowered by Christ to act as judge."

"If a kid was deaf and dumb, he'd always get out of saying his penance, Father Casey, wouldn't he?" The lad spoke with such eagerness that one would almost think that he regretted that he had not been born that way.

"Not at all, my boy. Didn't you hear me say a moment ago that there are many kinds of penance besides vocal prayers? The priest would select the penance that the deaf-mute could perform. It is almost impossible to find a person who cannot perform a penance of some kind. Even when we give absolution to those who are dying unconscious, we give them a penance in order that the sacrament may be complete. We stoop over them and say: Try to repeat in your heart, My Jesus, mercy. Often, though dying persons appear to be totally unconscious, they understand what the priest says, and in their heart they call upon the Holy Name, and thus they receive all the benefits of a sacramental penance."

"That long skinny priest that was here last month gave a whopper of a penance. I guess he was feeling rotten that day and tried to take it out on us."

"It isn't how the confessor feels, but what the penitent tells, that determines the penance. If you tell only venial sins, the confessor is allowed to give you a light penance. If you tell any mortal sins committed since your last Confession, he must give you a severe penance. He himself would commit sin if he failed to do this. If you tell a great many mortal sins, he must give you a very severe penance. Nowadays Christians are so weak in faith and so sluggish in the performance of spiritual duties that they often consider one rosary a severe penance. Therefore priests often try to satisfy their own conscience by giving only one rosary or its equivalent even when their penitents confess mortal sins."

"Why," asked Mrs. Mallin, "was there a time when people took bigger penances?"

"My good woman," returned Father Casey, "if I were to tell you the penances the early Christians used to perform for their sins, you would hang your head in shame. Just to give you a few instances: Those who consulted dream books had to do penance before the door of the church for forty days. Those who went to fortune tellers had to do penance for seven years. Those who worked on Sunday had to fast on bread and water for three days. If anyone talked in church during Mass he had to fast on bread and water for ten days. If anyone cursed his parents he had to fast on bread and water for forty days. If anyone committed burglary by breaking into a house at night, he had to give back what he stole and fast on bread and water for three years. Anyone guilty of a little back-biting had to fast on bread

and water for three days. Any one who used false weights and measures had to fast on bread and water for twenty days, and anyone guilty of overeating had to fast on bread and water for a day."

Just then the dental drill began to buzz behind the screen, and Rosemary gave a piercing shriek before it had even touched her teeth.

Emmet turned pale.

"Mom, mom, let's go home," he pleaded. "My tooth doesn't ache a bit any more. You wouldn't want him to pull a perfectly good tooth on me, would you, mom?"

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

LUTHERANISM

THE SOCIAL ORIGIN

The snow-born lake high up in the lap of the mountain range, bears within itself immense power for good or for evil. Its waters, harnessed by the ingenuity of man and compelled to take the path marked out for them, spread their benefits far and wide. But woe betide the towns and villages in the valleys below if those imprisoned waters ever break their confines! They will rush in wildest fury down the mountain side, carrying death and destruction wherever they go.

Just so with the pent-up energies of human society. From all sides the rivulets of science and art, of commerce and labor, flow together as into one vast reservoir. Year by year the force accumulates. At length the power harbored there cannot be restrained. Mankind is ready for another leap forward. Will it be for good or for evil? Time will tell. But one thing is certain. Directed aright and employed with due respect to legitimate authority, those giant forces will bring untold benefits to the generations of men. Allowed to run rampant and at will, they will bring low the constructive work of centuries.

Such an accumulation of mighty forces and such a leap took place at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is styled the Renaissance. In all departments of life did it manifest itself by a widespread desire of greater liberty. For many, liberty meant license; of this material was Lutheranism formed. For others, liberty meant freedom from sin and passion and error; they fell in with the Catholic Reformation whose fruits we see even at the present day.

THE FORCES ACCUMULATE.

A mighty change was effected in western Christendom by the Crusades. The "God wills it" of Clermont led millions of Europeans, before held to their native soil, to make their way through the countries of Europe, bent on wresting the Holy Places from the hands of the infidel. In their long wanderings they fell in with men of different nations, saw new and strange customs, became acquainted with products and methods and implements before unknown to them. The East with its historic sites, the Holy Land with its sacred memories, the noble and sublime aim that was the mainspring of their efforts—all conspired to fire their imaginations and rouse their enthusiasm. Thence was born a broader and deeper spirit.

The Crusades opened commerce with the East. As the soldiers of the Cross gained a firm foothold in Palestine or at Constantinople, daring traders followed close upon them. Communication with the West was opened. The maritime cities of Italy—Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Amalfi—rose to the height of their splendor. Their ships brought to Europe the vast wealth of Asia. Valuable silks, artistic products of the weaver-trade, sugar-cane, Oriental fruits, the use of the windmill, soon found their way to the West and North. A brisk trade was established over Germany and France to the British Isles. With the bustle of business and its consequent prosperity came a spirit of independence that would not easily brook restraint.

More directly still did the Crusades react upon the growth of liberty among the common people. To raise the funds necessary for carrying out their expeditions, many princes granted new rights and privileges to their subjects both within and without the cities. Cities became more numerous; an independent citizen class arose. Even more. Since each serf who took up the Cross was thereby emancipated, the foundation of a free peasantry was laid.

The multiplication of books by hand was necessarily a slow and costly process. Hence the invention of the art of printing from movable type was bound to bring to Christendom a period of new development. By it mankind came into possession of the most practical means of preserving, multiplying, and spreading broadcast all products of the mind. By the resultant ease of communication, ideas were awakened and enlivened. By it literary intercourse was furthered, science and art brought within reach of all classes. It gave, to use the words of a contemporary, a powerful two-edged sword into the hands of man; a sword

equally favorable to good and evil; a sword capable of doing battle for virtue and truth, for error and sin. Luther's Table Talk is an example in point. The unprintable character of passages in this work make us share the amazement of the German historian Menzel that they should ever have "found a pen, much less a printing press".

With the invention of printing a deep-set desire for education, resting upon the progress of the citizen class, took hold of the people. All over the land lower schools were begun and existing ones improved. The founding of higher schools and universities bespoke the widespread desire of mental improvement. Science and art went hand in hand. From all grades of society learned men, impregnated with true Christian principles, rose up to spread among the people the treasures of knowledge past ages had gathered.

From the eighth to the fifteenth century the political aspect of Europe was feudal. The Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire was, technically at least, the supreme temporal ruler of Christendom. He portioned out the various principalities to his vassals who held them as fiefs, acknowledging the emperor's rule. These vassals betrayed a constant desire to throw off the yoke and rule in their own name. To counteract such pretences, emperor after emperor granted substantial privileges to various cities of the empire, thus gaining their support in his conflicts with rebellious vassals. Such free cities were numerous. They counted as many as a hundred and included Cologne, Spire, Mayence, Worms, Augsburg and others. These free cities enjoyed various privileges. A group chosen by the citizens and styled the Council conducted all business affairs, made the laws, dispensed justice, levied taxes. Such self-government made city life highly desirable and many hastened in from the country around to share in this independence.

THE BARRIERS BREAK.

To fail is human. The mighty forces that were at work in Europe just before the Renaissance did in many cases take a wrong course. Thence arose a condition of affairs leaving much to be desired.

In the preceding period the papal power was supreme. But there were not wanting bitter struggles between Popes and Emperors. The latter, blinded by their desire to realize once more the supremacy of the State over all things spiritual that had existed in Pagan Rome, strove with might and main to bring the papacy under their domination. Such encroachments met with determined resistance from the Popes. The

outcome was the strife between Guelph and Ghibbeline. Many bishops were arrayed on the side of the Emperor. On them all papal influence was lost. The Emperors cut off all communication between Rome and the bishops of Germany and Upper Italy. They even set up anti-popes of their own choosing. These they carried about with them and used for their own selfish purposes. What was the result? A decline of discipline among bishops and clergy. Many of the former lived in regal splendor, had long trains of courtiers, dependents, and pensioners. Plural benefices were common, some bishops having two and even three dioceses on whose income they lived, and to whose spiritual wants they were unable to attend. Some sees were open to nobles only, and in many cases their occupants were chosen not by reason of their fitness, but because they were able and willing to further the worldly interests of some prince.

Men looked to Rome for help. Little was forthcoming. The popes hardly realized the woeful condition of affairs, or if they did, were too hampered by Europe's princes to do more than hope matters would right themselves as they had done in the past. The papal court itself was not entirely free from worldliness and politics. Accordingly any attempt to check the wrong lives of certain ecclesiastics wanted the force it would otherwise have had.

Day by day the imperial power was fading away. The grand ideal of an Empire coextensive with Christianity cherished by Charlemagne was crumbling; vassals were increasing their own power at the expense of that of the Emperor. The imperial electors designedly placed weak princes upon the throne, thus to keep the balance of power in their own hands. Before election each new Emperor was forced to sign a capitulation whereby he divested himself of all real power only to confer it upon the electors. Just demands for a steady revenue as also for a standing army met with repeated refusals. As a consequence, the Emperor was powerless to keep in restraint those who set the laws at naught. The barons could domineer over the lower nobility and over the common people, and extracted from them excessive taxes. The knights then took to plundering and thus the reign of might—the "Faustrecht"—was abroad in the land. Clear-headed men saw which way matters were tending. Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa (1464), a man whose labors for reform in Church and State were great and untiring, had already predicted that, without the restoration of the imperial power, no reform could be lasting.

The business monopolies that we complain of to-day are by no means modern. The Middle Ages were acquainted with them. In the 15th and 16th centuries the merchants of Germany had formed together into corporations called Hansa, for mutual protection and for common carrying on of business. Their aim at first was praiseworthy. But in course of time the power thus gained was used to oppress the consumer. The Hansa cornered various commodities and then raised prices beyond the limits of equity. Attempts to eradicate the evil were often fruitless for the simple reason that civil officials were members of the corporations.

Despite this, the economic conditions of laborer and peasant were still passable. But a change was in process. Commerce and trade were getting the upper hand of the producing element. Mere necessities of life were rising higher and higher. Wealth and affluence brought on luxury and unbridled license. The higher classes indulged in a manner of life and dress that was simply preposterous. The parade and show they made only brought out more strikingly the contrast between rich and poor. During the more prosperous times preceding, the lower classes had grown accustomed to the comforts and even luxuries of life. Now that they were deprived of these, they became discontented and rebellious. Geiler of Kaiserberg, a renowned preacher of the period, summed up conditions in one sentence: "Never before has the contrast between voluntary charity and hard-hearted avarice, between self-sacrifice for love of God and luxurious self-seeking been so pronounced".

THE OUTCOME.

The sixteenth century opened with society in a state of ferment and confusion. An ominous unrest had taken possession of the entire people, while a strange dread, as is wont to precede catastrophes in history, filled all hearts. Existing abuses were manifest. Popular song held them up to scorn and ridicule. Reform was clearly a necessity. How was it to be effected?

Some were for the overthrow of all authority. Their spirit had manifested itself in the preceding half century by the outbreaks of the peasantry and of university students. In 1510 the students at the University of Erfurt (here Luther had studied, here he found his first adherents, here he was received with open arms) broke out in open rebellion against the authorities, and destroyed the splendid library

with its valuable documents. Knights like Goetz of Berlichingen, Franz of Sickingen, and Ulrich Hutten had their own selfish interests to advance. They were quick to use the popular unrest for these ends. Leaguings themselves with the Humanists, they took occasion of the existing abuses to stir up the people against legitimate authority. Satire and ridicule were their favorite weapons. Christianity meant nothing to them. Pagan antiquity was their ideal. It was to be the subject of education. Its easy and comfortable life-philosophy was to take the place of Christian morality. Such doctrines naturally appealed to the passions and found ready acceptance.

Just here Luther stepped in. His doctrine of the worthlessness of good works and of justification by faith alone fitted in perfectly with the trend of the times. So too did his views on the use of armed force in spreading the New Gospel. "I adjure you," he wrote in 1520 to Spalatin, "if you properly understand the Gospel, not to imagine that its cause can be carried out without tumult, scandal, and uproar. You will make no pen from the sword, no peace from war. The word of God is a sword, is a war, is destruction, is scandal, is ruin, is poison."

In the light of this you will easily understand Luther's immediate popularity. And the natural consequences of his teaching were not long in coming. Erasmus, himself not an admirer of existing ecclesiastical conditions, did not hesitate to lay at Luther's door the frightful ravages and inhumanities of the Peasants' War. "We reap now," he wrote to Luther, "the fruit of your spirit." Even Luther had to admit that "there was a worse Sodom under the Gospel than under the Papacy". "Who would have begun to preach," he writes, "if he had known beforehand that so much unhappiness, tumult, scandal, blasphemy, ingratitude, and wickedness would result?"

Happily there was a brighter side. Any one at all conversant with the conditions of Christendom at the beginning of the sixteen century knows that a thorough effort at reform under guidance of proper authority was on foot and fast gaining ground. The earlier humanists—men like Agricola, Wimpheling, and others—impregnated with the spirit of true Christianity and of submission to legitimate authority, had lost no opportunity of working for the betterment of social and ecclesiastical affairs, and for unity in the Empire. Their aim was to build and renew, not to tear down and destroy. Their efforts received a lasting impulse from the activity of the German Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa (died 1464), a veritable "spiritual giant", who at the instance of

the Popes began in 1451 an ecclesiastical reform in Germany. One and all labored to remove the many abuses in Church and State, such as plural benefices, non-residence of bishops, usury, bloody tournaments, duels, and likewise the "Faustrecht", substituting for the latter the Truce of God. To give authoritative sanction to these reforms, many provincial councils were held in Germany between the years 1451 and 1515. Besides, a host of zealous, virtuous, and learned prelates did all in their power to further them.

From such, as from a fertile soil, sprang the many institutions for the removal of sorrow and pain and suffering: hospitals, orphanages, inns for travellers, as also for education in science and art. "Under the papacy," wrote Luther, "everyone was merciful and kind. Then people gave with both hands and cheerfully. Then it literally snowed with alms and endowments. But under the Gospel no one wishes to give a farthing." And again: "Under the papacy the people were merciful and gave gladly, but under the Gospel no one gives anything, but one cheats the other. And the longer we preach, the deeper do the people sink in avarice, pride, and ostentation." Sad and telling commentaries on the effects of the "New Gospel".

The explanation? The doctrine of the meritoriousness of good works, by which man could profess his belief in Jesus Christ and gather merits for eternity had, during the Middle Ages, called into being innumerable works of charity. Luther's novel doctrine of justification by faith alone and consequently of the worthlessness of good works had cut the very source of life-giving sap—the spirit of sacrifices for the higher ideals of life—and as a result the marvelous growths of the ages of faith were bound to wither and die. "By their fruits you shall know them."

JOS. A. BEHLES, C. Ss. R.

RECIPE FOR BEAUTY: For the lips: Truth. For the eyes: Pity. For the voice: Prayer. For the hands: Charity. For the heart: Love. For the figure: Uprightness.

There are hair-brained maidens who smirk and squirm and flash their silks and satins to win the admiration of every worthless street-corner loungee, and they will not so much as button their frowsy home gown out of respect for their own father and brothers.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS ON THE REAL PRESENCE

The Angelic Doctor so clearly and so beautifully elucidates the doctrine of the Real Presence, that it will not be thought inopportune or wearisome to devote another article to quotations from his works on this vital subject, especially since our holy Mother the Church has made so prominent a use of them. After the Epistle of the Mass of *Corpus Christi*, the priest before proceeding to read or sing the Gospel, reads the following "Sequence," or hymn of St. Thomas, in honor of the Blessed Eucharist:

"Praise, O Sion, thy Saviour; sing hymns and canticles in praise of thy Guide and Shepherd. Praise Him with all thy might, for He is above all praise and can never be sufficiently praised. As a special theme of praise there is this day proposed the living and life-giving Bread, which at that blessed supper Christ, it cannot be denied, gave to His twelve apostles. Let our praise be full and melodious, let the rejoicing of our mind abound in joyful and becoming strains, for this is the day when we solemnly celebrate the first institution of this Sacred Table. In this feast of the New King the New Pasch of the New Law puts an end to the passover of the Old Law. This new Feast puts the ancient to flight. Truth expels the shadow and daylight displaces the darkness of night. That which Christ performed at His Last Supper, He declared should ever be done in remembrance of Him. Taught by His holy precepts, we consecrate bread and wine into the Victim of salvation. The Christians are taught that bread is changed into the flesh of Christ and wine into His blood. That which thou grasped not and seest not, since it is outside the order of nature, thou shouldst believe with a lively faith. Under diverse species (of bread and wine), which are mere signs and not substances, there are hidden far more excellent things. The flesh of Christ is food and His blood is drink; and yet Christ is whole and entire under each species. He is not cut by those who receive Him, nor is He broken or divided (by the division of the species), but He is always received whole and entire. One person receives Him; a thousand also receive Him; yet all and each one receive one and the same (neither more nor less); and when He is received, He is not consumed. The good receive Him; the wicked also receive Him, but with the different result, either of life or of perdition. He is death to the wicked, and life to the good; thus thou seest how

different is the outcome of each, although both receive the very same food. When the Sacred Host is broken, do not waver, but remember that Christ is contained in the smallest part as well as in the whole. There is no breaking of the substance (of Christ's body), but only the breaking of the sign (species), by which neither the state nor the size of the "signified" (the body of Christ) is diminished. Behold (then) the Bread of Angels, become the food of wayfarers (on the road to heaven, our true country, our true home); it is the real Bread of the children (of God), which should not be given to the dogs (to the unworthy, to those laden with mortal sin). It was prefigured in the immolation of Isaac, in the paschal lamb, and in the manna given to the Israelites. O Jesus, our Good Shepherd, truly (our) bread, have mercy on us; deign to feed us, deign to protect us, deign to make us see the good things in the land of the living (heaven). Thou who art omniscient and almighty, who here below feedest us mortals, deign to admit us into heaven, as coheirs and companions of its holy citizens, to share (there forever) in Thy Sacred Banquet. Amen."

Such is the grand hymn of St. Thomas explaining most clearly the doctrine of the Real Presence, which the priest reads in the Mass of the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, and which is called by its first words: *Lauda, Sion*. In Catholic countries, either on the Feast itself or on the Sunday following, there is a solemn triumphal procession with the Blessed Sacrament in the open air, during which the *Lauda, Sion* and other hymns in honor of our Eucharistic Saviour are sung.

St. Thomas Aquinas also composed the antiphons for the *Magnificat* of first and second Vespers of the Office of *Corpus Christi*. They are as follows: 1. "O Lord, how sweet is Thy Spirit, since in order to manifest Thy sweetness towards Thy children, Thou by bestowing the most sweet Bread from heaven, fillest the hungry with good things, and sendest away hungry the fastidious rich." 2. "O sacred Banquet in which Christ is received, the remembrance of His passion is recalled, the mind is filled with grace, and the pledge of future glory is given to us."

These antiphons remind us of the words of our divine Saviour in His discourse promising the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. There is another hymn of St. Thomas in honor of the Blessed Eucharist, which, although not placed either in the Office or in the Mass of *Corpus Christi*, is found among the prayers recommended to be said by priests during their thanksgiving after saying Mass, and is well adapted to be

recited during a visit to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, or sung when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the adoration and benediction of the faithful, and therefore we give it here.

"Devoutly I adore Thee, O hidden God, who truly remainest concealed under these species. My heart wholly subjects itself to Thee, because whilst contemplating Thee, it grows faint (with love). The sight, the touch, the taste are deceived in Thee; here we can trust our hearing only; wherefore whatever the Son of God has said, I firmly believe for there is nothing more true than this word of Truth itself. On the Cross Christ's Divinity alone was concealed; but here even His humanity is hidden; nevertheless, believing and acknowledging both, I pray for that which the penitent thief prayed for. Thy wounds, O Jesus, I do not, like Thomas, behold; nevertheless I own Thee for my God. Grant that I may evermore and more believe in Thee, hope in Thee and love Thee. O Memorial of the Lord's death, living Bread imparting life to man; grant that my mind may always live by Thee, and that it may always relish Thy sweetness. O loving Pelican, Lord Jesus, cleanse my impurities with Thy blood, a single drop of which is sufficient to save the whole world from its sins. O Jesus, whom I now behold veiled (in this Sacrament), grant, I beseech Thee, that which I thirst for, that when I shall see Thy Face revealed, I may be made happy by the vision of Thy Glory. Amen."

In this hymn and in his prayers destined for priests before and after Mass, St. Thomas shows that he is not a dry, learned philosopher and theologian, but that his piety is tender as his learning is great. This will be apparent to our readers from two of his prayers recommended especially to priests by the Church, the one before, and the other after Mass, which all of us may well use before and after holy Communion.

I. BEFORE COMMUNION. "O almighty and eternal God, behold me approaching the Sacrament of Thy only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; I come to It as a sick man goes to the Physician of life, the unclean to the Fountain of mercy, the blind to the Light of eternal splendor, the poor and needy to the Lord of heaven and earth. Wherefore I beseech the abundance of Thy immense bounty to deign to heal my infirmity, to wash my uncleanness, to enlighten my blindness, to enrich my poverty, to clothe my nakedness, so that I may receive the Bread of Angels, the King of kings; the Lord of lords, with such reverence and humility, with such contrition and devotion, with such purity and faith, with such good purpose and intention as is conducive to the

salvation of my soul. Grant me, I beseech Thee, to receive not only the Sacrament of the Lord's body and blood, but also the reality and virtue of this Sacrament. O God of meekness, grant that I may so receive the body of Thy only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, which He took from the Virgin Mary, that I may deserve to be incorporated into His mystical body and numbered among His members. O most loving Father, grant that I may forever contemplate face to face Thy beloved Son, whom I propose to receive concealed in this Sacrament. Amen."

The foregoing prayer of St. Thomas before holy Communion is addressed to the heavenly Father to obtain from Him the graces we need to receive His divine Son worthily and profitably for our salvation. In like manner, the Saint addresses his thanksgiving after holy Communion to the eternal Father also for giving him the body and blood of His only-begotten Son as the food of his soul and beseeches Him to grant that he may derive therefrom fruits of eternal life:

2. AFTER COMMUNION. "I give Thee thanks, O holy Lord, almighty Father, eternal God, who, without any merit on my part, but solely through Thy merciful condescension, didst deign to satiate me, a sinner and Thy unworthy servant, with the precious body and blood of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I beseech Thee to grant that this holy Communion be not to me a source of punishable guilt, but a wholesome intercession for pardon; may it be to me the expulsion of my evil habits, the extermination of my concupiscence and lust, an increase of charity and patience, of humility and obedience and of all the virtues; a firm defense against the snares of all my enemies, both visible and invisible; the perfect appeasement of all my emotions, both carnal and spiritual; may it be to me a firm clinging to Thee, the one and true God, and the happy consummation of my end. And I beseech Thee to deign to lead me, a sinner, to that ineffable Banquet, where Thou with Thy Son and the Holy Ghost, art to Thy Saints the true light, the complete fulness, everlasting joy, consummate pleasure and perfect happiness. Amen."

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

The devil, they say, is a skilful painter. And there are fools in plenty that would rather be painted by the devil than not be painted at all.

THE CROWNING WITH THORNS

ST. MATTHEW, XXVII, 27-29

For a long while Judea had been governed by a Roman procurator, but Herod Agrippa knew how to ingratiate himself with the Roman Emperor Claudius, and hardly was the emperor upon his own throne when he appointed Agrippa King of Judea. All the world was amazed at this unprecedented good fortune. But in Alexandria the news was received with scorn and ridicule. The mob gathered out in the streets, and happened to meet a man known as a lunatic, who had often been the sport of the boys and rabble. With shouts of derisive joy they seized upon the poor fellow, dragged him to the public square, raised him high upon a lofty platform in full view of all. On his head they set a crown of straw, round him they tied a ragged blanket, and put a stick into his hands in place of a sceptre. Thus they had made of him a mock king. The boys played the part of retinue and courtiers. Then all bowed before him and offered him their homage; asked of him the grant of lands and all sorts of favors; and the vast multitude joined in ringing acclamation: "Marin, Our Lord!" Thus they showed their contempt for Agrippa, the new king of the Jews. Philo, the Jewish historian who records the affair, does so only to protest against the injustice and weakness of Flaccus, the Roman officer, who should have prevented such an outrage. And yet—was Our Lord Jesus Christ not treated in a worse way? Made a mock king, not in effigy, but in reality! Does this mockery not go on, even till this very day, in the hearts of so many sinners? If they would only repent, all their sins would be washed white as snow, and they would again be received back to grace. Speak to them of repentance and their only answer is a smile or shrug of the shoulders. "I have sinned and what evil has befallen me?" Is not that the keenest pang and sharpest thorn in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord?

The Mock King. "Then the soldiers led him away within the court which is the Pretorium, and they call together the whole band." Two harrowing scenes are unfolded before us.

Out in the *open space* before the judgment seat of Pilate in view of all the howling mob, He had just been scourged. How the scourging was ended, we are not told. Did some generous person interfere? Did Pilate give orders for cessation? Did His enemies among the Jews fear he might die before they had the cruel satisfaction of seeing Him hang upon the infamous cross? Or were the soldiers simply weary and exhausted? At all events they drop their lashes

and cut the cords that bound Him to the pillar. All the ground around was wet with His blood; the men were spattered with it. They cast His garments upon Him, and how rude and rough their treatment! Perhaps His garments are soaked and steaming with His blood. We read that when slaves were whipped the executioner used to lay his garments on the floor to get a footing when all was slippery with blood. Our Lord was almost helpless and they were in haste; they wanted their companions to get their share of the sport. Poor Lord, they pushed and jostled you now! At a sign from the commanding officer they drag Him away. Over toward the heavy iron gate of the fortress, under the massive arches, into the barracks of the Roman garrison. Perhaps He may be allowed a short respite now. He had no rest through all the preceding night; this morning He had been dragged from court to court; from the Jewish Sanedrim to the tribunal of Pilate, then across the city to the palace of Herod, and back again to Pilate, and here He had been scourged; He wanted rest. But no rest for Him. An ordinary criminal sentenced to death was a sacred thing in the eyes of Roman law; none but the penalty prescribed could be inflicted on Him. We spontaneously allow the sentenced criminal some relaxation as the hour of death approaches. Even this tiny kindness is denied Our Saviour. Once within the fortress, the soldiers drag Him into a hall or courtyard. Their wild shouts and peals of laughter ring through citadel, and they summon all the men not on duty. The entire cohort would amount to about 500 to 600 men. They now crowd around as if for a rare frolic. As Herod, so they too had heard much of their captive and they too were eager to see Him. Jews were universally detested and hated; but now we must add all the proud disdain of conquering nation for the conquered. And here they met a Jew who pretended to be a king, without leave and appointment of Cesar: how ridiculous such pretensions seemed to them, when they saw Our Lord so helpless, and streaming with blood. They knew that the Jews had oft tried to kill Him, and how wonderfully he had escaped from their hands; they would show Him now that He could work no magic on Roman troopers. Herod had clothed Him in the white garments of a candidate for office; they would now bestow on Him the office He claimed! Perhaps when they summoned their companions they shouted: "Come see the King of the Jews." Yes they were free to mock Our Lord, for they were safe from all hindrance; nothing to deter them and all to encourage them. They felt quite sure that the authorities would connive at their outrages. Their numbers added zest to the game. The meekness and seeming helplessness of Christ assured them of impunity. Once the Philistines of old used to fear the giant Samson, when he was in freedom and strength; but blinded and bound in chains, even the children could hoot and sneer. And how many a sinner refuses to repent just for similar reasons! God seems so far away; so long has He born with patient forbearance their years of insult. What have they to fear, when human justice is blind to their wrongdoing, and even the laws may seek to legalize what God forbids! All seems so reassuring, when they look about them and see the crowds that surge about them; all smiling in their sins. Beware: God has eternity before Him!

In regal splendor. "And clothing him they put on him a scarlet robe. And they plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head; and a reed in his right hand." Some one spoke the word: "The king of the Jews!" It was caught up with a roar of ribald laughter. Some then recalled the day when the Jews out in the desert wished to proclaim him king. Others remembered the preceding Sunday when He entered Jerusalem upon an ass, while the crowds were waving palm-branches, and the children were singing: "Hosanna to the Son of David". Ah indeed they, the Roman army, would now attire Him as king.

First a *mantle* of purple. For this they again divest Him of His garments. He might prefer to do this Himself; but is too weak, moves too slowly; and they snatch His mantle and tunic from Him reckless of the wounds they open, heedless of the smarting pain they cause. How Our Lord must have shuddered! But why seek another purple garment for him? Is His body not running red with His blood? Is the blood of the Man-God not the richest purple that even heaven can weave? How could man still find it in his heart to laugh? The day may come when in tears the wretched sinner may beg God to pity him; but now he has no mercy on Our Lord. What sort of garment was it they put on Him? According to St. Matthew it was a "scarlet robe"; while in St. John we read: "they arrayed him in a purple garment." Some of the Fathers thought that they put two pieces of clothing on Him: first a long garment reaching down to the feet and this of purple; then another shorter cloak of scarlet. But this is not necessary; either because the purple then considered royal purple approached very near to our scarlet or because the cloth was double dyed and the resultant color was a blend of both purple and scarlet; or because it is called "purple" in irony: just as the crown of thorns is only a hideous caricature of the golden crown so was this scarlet cloak only a scornful substitute for the royal purple. It was a castoff garment soiled and filthy, and had probably been put to many a vile use ere this; and now it lies on His shoulders! Speak to the sinner of the majesty and glory of the God whom he scorns; tell him of the awe and raptures of the angels who never weary of singing their eternal "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!" And what is his only answer? A heartless, heedless, scornful laugh! As Pharaoh of old once defied the God of Israel: "Who is the Lord that I should obey Him?" So the unrepenting sinner spends his life in weaving a garment of rash bravado, of sneering insult, and would fain hang it upon the Almighty shoulders of the God whose will He so wantonly violates. Need we be surprised if his obstinate sneer be one day turned into the grinding and gnashing of teeth that will never, never end? But the sport of the soldiers goes on: they lead Him to a bench or low pillar, force Him to sit upon it as on a throne, and then look about for a *crown*. Only a crown that is at once painful and shameful will suit their cruel humor. Holy Writ is explicit about the crown of thorns; but says nothing further of the materials nor of the shape. Students that examine the relics still preserved, point to the church of Notre Dame in Paris where the crown of thorns is venerated ever since the days of St. Louis. It looks like a wide circlet of dried rushes woven into a sort of cord, used for binding together sheaves of wheat or bundles of fuel-weeds. In other cities and churches thorns and sprays of thorn are preserved; the thorns are long and sharp while the branches are so strong and stiff that they could hardly be bent or platted into a crown. The explanation seems to be that the soldiers simply picked up a bundle of thorns that served to kindle the fire. You will remember how St. Peter in the previous night warmed himself at a similar fire in the courtyard of the high priest. Thorns furnished splendid fuel. The branches were long and stout, and were arranged upright around our Saviour's head like a mitre or helmet, and then bound into place by the ring of rushes. This also explains why the circlet of the Paris church is so wide. It also suggests that the soldiers must have pressed the thorns into Our Lord's head to insure their remaining firm. It also indicates a special use of the rod: they would not imperil their fingers, and used the rod to drive the thorns into position. He may have winced and quivered, but they had only brutal jests. It must have been an hour of anguish for Him; no wonder that the pictures of the Sacred Heart show the crown of thorns imbedded there. So far His body was covered with blood, but His head was spared. Now Our Lord would have even this share in the baptism of blood for which He had yearned. Such love the sinner can despise? Love that is wantonly scorned and trodden under foot,—is it not very liable to turn into deepest anger and hate? Is there anything more painful to a loving heart than to see its devotion scorned? What a crown of thorns the unrepenting sinner must be weaving for His God! What a crown he may be weaving for himself for all eternity! And still the sport goes on: now for a *sceptre*! Everything connected with Our Lord interests us; for we know that the very hem of His garment is a source of grace and virtue to those who reverently kiss it. And

so we would gladly know what sort of reed it was He held in His hand through that awful torment. The word used in Holy Writ seems to indicate a sort of tall reed that grows in marshes; something like a bamboo fishing-pole, or what boys call a "cat-tail". On pictures found in Ninive we see the Assyrian cavalry passing by the marshes and the tufts of the reeds reach above the horseman's head. They were used as measuring-rods and then must have been about twelve feet long. A small portion is said to be preserved in Florence and this presents a portion about an inch in diameter, and shows a knot just as we notice in fishing-poles. A blow from such a rod may not deal a deadly wound, but when struck upon thorn and driving it into the skin of face and forehead, it was enough to inflict a sharp thrill of burning pain. Had He but asked His Heavenly Father, and a legion of angels would have floated down to shield Him from outrage and avenge His Majesty. But He thought of us and love bade Him suffer this and more. And all the while a sinful soul may mock at God's warnings. God may threaten the loss of heaven, eternal flames, but the sinner only ridicules His warnings as if He wielded a sceptre of harmless, silly reeds. In His hands there is the rod of iron that might crush the nations of earth as easily as a vessel of clay, and the sinner rashly and sneeringly defies Him to use it. Men sometimes lull their conscience to sleep by saying: Oh, God is too good; He will not send me to hell. Alas, but just those very ones practically compel God to pronounce their sentence by sneering at his love and making sport of His Omnipotence.

The Sacred Heart. "And they kneeled down before Him and mocked Him saying: Hail, King of the Jews! And they spat upon Him and took the reed and smote Him on the head." Truly the words of Isaia are fulfilled: "He was saturated with opprobrium".

Poor sinner! Can a man spend his life doing this and not repent? He may know that there is a God and yet he coolly tramples on His law and will; does he not kneel in mocking adoration? He may know of his Saviour's love, who died for him, he may know of the priceless treasures of grace won for him at the price of His Saviour's blood, and yet he may persist in wasting it. Easily could he make his Easter duty, and yet for years he may refuse Our Lord even this slight recognition. And how this must pain His Sacred Heart, only Our Lord Himself can tell. Saul was lying on the battle-field of Gelboa, and feared to fall alive into the hands of his foes, lest they mock him. He ordered his armor-bearer to draw his sword and kill him, preferring death to mockery. Even Job so highly extolled for his holiness, amid his sufferings laments: "If he scourge, let him kill at once, and not laugh at the pains of the innocent." And Our Lord should not feel it keenly? "Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children, and exalted them!" God calls heaven and earth to witness to His love, the love of the tenderest of fathers for his children; but he does not call in joy and triumph,—no, but in deepest pain; and why? "But they have despised me!" How he feels this scorn! And yet we go on lightheartedly? Then what have we to expect? We are not left to conjecture; for He continues: "Wo to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children; they have forsaken the Lord, they have blasphemed the Holy One of Israel." Do not blame the executioners. Our Lord prayed for them: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." But we? Do we not know well what we are doing? Do we not own it with a careless shrug of the shoulders? St. John describes Him for us: "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and He that sat upon him, was called Faithful and True, and with justice doth He judge and fight. And His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many diadems. And He was clothed with a garment sprinkled with Blood, and His name is called The Word of God." That is the Lord and Saviour whom we dare to mock! Oh, rather may many a soul be inspired to make reparation to Him for all He must suffer from the mockery of men? Have we not some years of the past to repair? Around us yet the mad chorus of jeers and mockery goes on. We know that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is really a devotion of reparation and can we

not offer our little mite of atonement? Especially now when the blight of war is wasting the fairest lands of Europe, and heavy clouds are lowering over our dear country too, and the dull rumbling of a fearful thunder seems drawing fatally nigh,—is it not the time to make some effort to appease Him? May the Easter Communion of the year 1917 be one of the most fervent of our lives!

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

ALL ABOARD!

In his home in the city of Munich, Ernst Arnim lay dying. Afflicted with asthma, he refused to go to bed, preferring to sit, supported with pillows and comforters, in his great armchair, before the window that looked out upon the little garden which now was dressed in the fresh green and gay flower-varieties of late spring. The end was near for him, although he seemed momentarily to rally. This afternoon his wife had sent one of the girls for the priest, while she with her other sons and daughters sat around the father's chair, anxious and sorrow-stricken. Suddenly convulsions seemed to seize the dying man: he spoke unintelligibly, he leaned now forward, now backward, he made feeble efforts to move his hands, and at last sank back lightly, smiling and murmuring contentedly. Slowly his eyes opened.

What a delight! The children had already started the prayers for the dying, while Mrs. Arnim tried to give her husband every help love could suggest.

"Thank you, Blanche," he whispered.

"Ah," she gasped, with relief at the sound of his voice, "you must have been dreaming!"

"Yes, a strange dream, a strange dream; sit down by my side, Blanche. 'I'll tell it.' And his eyes passed slowly, only half-recognizingly from the oldest to the youngest of his children.

"I seemed to be on a train ready to start," began the old man. 'Are those lights on ahead, and are they green?' asked a voice. 'Yes, sir,' came the answer. Then all aboard! it rang out on the calm night air and tinkled at every window; All aboard! it seemed so reassuring, so final, so expected and yet so sudden. All aboard! and the train, as if a living thing, waiting only the word leaped out into the darkness, away from the lights of the station, away from the noise of the city, away, away—from all life; into the night, into stillness such as I had never before experienced; stillness that made me start up affrighted and look around. Alone in the train? Not a soul in sight!

"I settled back in my chair to think. How had I gotten on this train at all? O to think! But memory would not waken at my call; it seemed asleep. . . . With an effort, however, it came to, sluggish at first, like a man coming to after being under chloroform, till by degrees it lit up with a wonderful light and spread out before me in one great panoramic picture, my whole life as one day—for a thousand days are as one day to the Lord.

"I was in old Sohm again, that lay by the Inn, within reach of the pattering rain of silvery sound that came from the millwheel—patter, patter all the day, now louder, now softer—now mingled with the alto of the murmuring trees, now broken into a tremolo by a breath of the breeze. I was with my playmates again, on the way to the old school, where I learnt that I came from God and am destined to serve God here below and be happy with Him hereafter and that life is my opportunity to fit myself for this destiny. Arithmetic, literature, history, these too, I learnt; but somehow these were to be all so many instruments to enable me the better to attend to my principal affair, my affair as a man: for man first, then citizen; man first: creature with intellect and will, power of knowing and loving, haunted with the vision of an all-beautiful God and craving to rest in Him again. But what had mathematics, literature, history to do with that? I never could see that directly; my teachers always said so, the priest always said so; at the time I could not see how. But now, as I picked up the tangled threads of my life and saw where they met and crossed, it seemed clearer.

"My studies brought me to the university. Ah, how painfully it comes back to me now, how there I learnt to smile at the holiest and best in our holy religion and to scoff at rosaries and ceremonies. Because the X-ray of human reason showed me the bones of things, I proudly denied the marrow which Faith told me was there. How shocked was my mother—dead old mother—when I returned one vacation, no longer her boy, but a man knowing good and evil, alas, by sad experience.

Does sin give a peculiar hardness to one's features, a proud, self-assertive and at the same time self-accusing lustre to one's eyes? Or are pure religious eyes peculiarly gifted? Anyhow, my mother seemed to read at a glance in my eyes that her child had climbed to manhood as the world counts manhood; that her boy's soul had been driven from the paradise of childhood and was toiling in the leash of sin. She said

not a word, but she would sit alone for long hours crying to herself, and for long hours she knelt in the church. She faded away, and—my God, how it hurts me now!—I almost gave a sigh of relief when we laid her to rest. But her last gift was her rosary and her last word: 'Son, behold thy mother!'

"When I got back to the University that year, I resolved to fling away all restraints. My room-mate was a young man of good family, who practised his holy Faith devoutly and religiously, and yet in so manly a way, that you might have called it a business affair. It was his duty, that's all; what others do as though it were a favor to God, he was convinced was an obligation and he did it as carefully as he attended to his lectures. I laughed at him; he seemed not to understand me. I mocked him—he seemed to pity me. I ridiculed him openly—he paid not the slightest attention, nor did he stop any of his practices. I had everybody laughing at him; but he laughed at us when he triumphed over us at the examinations. Gradually my eyes were opened, and I asked him to lead me to a priest. Then I caught again a glimpse of the paradise from which I had banished myself. I felt as though night had suddenly lifted. As on a dewy morning after a night of storm, a heavy wall of black clouds stands out against the eastern horizon, while above, heaven vaults its firmament of pale blue tinted with pink and shot through with rays of gold that rise from the approaching sun, so above the dull, dark past there dawned for my soul a fairer day. I felt again: I am made to serve God here below and everything had in some way had its share in bringing me to the light. Not by my arrangement, true; but, explain it as you will, I am only giving the facts. There it was in the picture, and I could see it now as I seemed to rise above the plane of my life and see its mazes unfolded.

"Mathematics were my delight and I made a success of them. My fellow-students often came to me for help. Among them was a young man, who had particular difficulty. Of good family and wealthy, he invited me to his home to coach him along. Every evening we worked together—every evening we were served with a dainty lunch in the study room—and every evening with that lunch came a feast for our eyes—I mean, for mine. On graduation day, my protégé came out with flying colors. We had a grand celebration to commemorate the event. But there were other things on my mind. I was so forgetful—or rather so preoccupied with one thought that I tried to cut my meat with the back of the knife, and wondered why it would not cut."

At this recollection, the old man's wife laughed through her tears, and pressed his cold hands in her warm ones.

"Do you remember, dear," he said turning his lack-lustre eyes on her; "I began to write with the fork-handle on the table cloth, didn't I?"

Blanche saw the vision as clearly as her husband; in fact the light of youth seemed to gleam again in her eyes: delight and sorrow beamed from them at once.

"But I came to again," continued the old man, "and everything went on well. After dinner I was on my way to the parlor, following your brother Frank, when you, mother—Blanche, dear—you stopped me."

"Yes, yes—I remember so well; 'We are all so proud of Frank's success,' I said, 'and we owe it all to you.'"

"Yes," put in her husband—" 'And I owe it to you in particular,' you were going to add—"

"But you grasped my hand and cried: 'Wait! will you let me tell you what you owe me?' "

"So I did," went on the old man. "'Your father knows,' I said; 'Frank knows, and I think you know, too. I feel it in your hand. Will you give me all you owe me?' "

"How well I remember!" crooned his wife.

"That's how I met your mother, children. Only a few weeks later we knelt at the altar together. We were knitted together by mathematics. It is only the good God that could weave such enduring golden threads out of theorems and logarithms, and could make long sums come to such a result. I thought of my dead mother—of the shattered home, of her last gift and her last words. God is watching over us, children."

The old man stopped. There seemed to be something he hesitated to tell. For a time he looked at his wife, as if silently asking her consent; finally he took up the thread of his story again.

"I went into business with my wife's father, as book-keeper. There I used to meet a young man, also a university man, who had a superior air—a splendid workman; but there was something about him that made him stand aloof from all the rest. He was an avid reader of his newspaper; and at times he handed them to me: they were rabid socialist papers and I paid no attention to them at first. Of course, I read about the equality of men, the injustices of the present system, the unequal distribution of wealth and so on. I failed to realize, however, where it came in, since in my home I had all that I wanted, in my heart all

that I craved, in my mind and hands all that they could do: my daily work; and money to supply our daily needs. I disliked the man and thought the best thing for me to do was to keep away from him. Yet, he was a successful man as the world sees it; he was educated as the world minds education; and he was a superior man, at least in his bearing and in his conceit. That fascinated me and kept me in his company.

"Had I steered my little boat away from his, into what calm waters this part of my life's way would have drifted! You remember, Blanche, those days. We said our night-prayers at home that God would watch over our ways, as He had hitherto, that our daily work might weave as wonderful a pattern in the end, as mathematics had before. But all the time, I was twisting black threads into the woof, blinded as I was, because I looked so long into the lurid lights of human discontent and sordidness. And the Master-weaver who held the loom sadly let His headstrong apprentice spoil the pattern of his life.

"I went to meetings with my friend. I read his papers seriously. I talked matters over with him. He was gaining more and more power over me. We drank together, we smoked together; we drank and smoked with other men. And then we played at cards and played with other men. And then my pay-envelope seemed to grow smaller week by week. I could no longer see why the vaults of my father-in-law should groan with the weight of thousands of dollars and my pockets lack even their pennies for drinks and games. One night—it was after a rousing speech and a still more rousing but degrading drink, the devil seemed suddenly to creep in among the players. Someone cheated—someone cursed—rough names were bandied about—suddenly a gun flashed—then another. I ran to the door—a stray bullet shattered the glass just as my hand seized the knob. Out I went—something simply forced me out and drew me homeward. I hardly knew how it happened. It was past twelve when I got home—you, mother, you were kneeling beside a chair—your head bowed low; you must have been kneeling there long; you had fallen asleep over a rosary still wet with your tears.

"I stood there amazed. What to do? Wake her? Go to bed noiselessly and leave her there? She was there for my sake, I knew; it was her rosary that had warded off the stray shot; it was her rosary that had drawn me home; it was her rosary with which God seemed to strike me that night and every stroke wounded my heart mercifully.

I felt in my pocket for my own rosary—the rosary my mother gave me—and knelt down beside her and began: ‘I believe in God the Father’

“Yes, ‘I believe’ and away with the dark threads I had been weaving into my life—doubt, infidelity, hatred, envy; with each Hail Mary and each decade, God seemed to be tearing out the disfiguring threads and to substitute his own silver and golden ones. At the last decade, ‘the Finding in the Temple,’ mother started as if waking from a dream, clutched her rosary, and seeming not to notice anything strange, asked simply: ‘Where did we leave off, Ernst?’—Just as we did in earlier days when we happened to fall asleep at our night’s rosary.”

“‘At the last decade,’ you said—‘Mary finds her Child in the Temple’; I remember it so well, so well!” put in his wife.

“So we prayed on together,” continued the old man after a pause, “on to the ‘Glorify be to the Father’. ‘Now it’s time to be in bed,’ I said. As we kissed each other goodnight, she looked long into my eyes and I looked into hers. We did not speak, did we?”

“I read such sorrow there in yours, I needed no words,” answered Blanche.

“And I read such forgiveness and trust in yours!” said Ernst, continuing his story. “Well, again the web and woof of life went on as the spindles whirled gaily from day to day, from duty to duty. Then came the children, each a joy to our home, each one bringing its obligations, its joys and its worries, and each working upon my life as I worked upon its, for the shaping of our destinies.

“What a spur they were to me in my religious duties as well as in my work! Now I had something to work for, something to stand for, something that called out all that was great and good in me. How my work brought me into contact with men and gave me friends and experience! How this enabled me to see the errors of others to avoid them, the needs of others to help them, the good in others to profit by it! How it enabled me to bring up the children, help the cause of Church and School and poorer fellow-men. And so all the ways of my life have led at last to this day, when it seems my work is done, and evening is here at last. God is calling me home. I seemed already en route when I was wakened from my dream.”

He paused a moment—as things seemed to fade from his view again. The priest came in just then, but the old man scarcely knew

him. He looked around slowly, smiled at each of his children, who hardly realized that he was speaking his last. His wife seemed to feel it; she rose to help him rest more comfortably—and just in time. Another paroxysm brought on by the strangling asthma, seized him and left him on the very brink of death. He was dreaming again:

"All aboard!" he said feebly; "I hear that voice again. Yes, all aboard! How loud, how clear it sounds in this stillness! Goodbye! Jesus, Mary, with me!" Another trembling of his lips that clearly was the Holy Name, and then, the train seemed to have pulled out with the percious burden of a soul.

The priest took up his Ritual and began the prayers of the Church: "Proficiscere anima Christiana . . ." Go forth Christian soul, set out upon the journey for which you have been preparing all your life long. Set out, away from the things of earth, away from its blaze and flare—away from its toil and care—away from this exile-land. All aboard, through the valley of death to the portals of eternity, the eternity which you have shaped by your life under the guidance of God.

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

SUFFERINGS ARE STEPPING STONES TO HEAVEN

This is the sixth guiding principle to be remembered by the seeker after Christian virtue—the resolute will to bear the trials and sufferings which a devout life brings with it.

Bearing these gladly is the price of peace. Without this resolute will—without this victory over the natural inclination to complain and over self's cowardly wincing under pain—nay, I make bold to say, without lovingly accepting the trials inevitable to a good life, there cannot be that fulness of peace which is one of the characteristics of holiness. "To him who overcomes," says God in the Apocalypse, "I will give the hidden manna." Hidden manna He calls it—because this peace which God gives—is not that which the world gives—it is hidden from the eyes of the world—a mystery to men of the world. Seeing what the just and pious must suffer, how full their life is with pains God-sent and voluntarily chosen—they envy not but deeply pity them. Why? "They see the cross," as St. Bernard puts it, "but the unction

they do not see";—they see the trials—but not the peace that lies beneath, like the clear stream that runs beneath the sands.

True it is, the spiritual life has its burden of suffering and discomfort, but as St. Theresa says with a boldness savoring almost of Christian Science, "take it up bravely, press it to your heart lovingly and at once it is at an end." Sorrow fades into joy, as the pictures of a motion film melt into one another. It is the joy of the bitter-sweet—the sweetest of all joys—paradoxical as it may seem. "My daughter," St. Bridget seemed to hear Our Lord say to her one day, "My treasure seems to men to be surrounded with thorns; but he who will not allow himself to be frightened by the first pricking will see the thorns turn into delights."

And these delights which God distributes to His beloved ones at prayer, in Holy Communion, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament, these flashes of light amid earth's darkness—these delights of heavenly love—this feeling of the nearness of God through the daily path—this peace of soul—this blessed trust in a fairer life beyond: who can explain them—except he who has tasted them?

Believe St. Theresa: "One single drop of divine consolation surpasses all earthly comfort and enjoyments. Think of them all that you have felt: the idle hour—that absorbing book—that game—that movie-show—that dance: how short the thrill, how long the after-bitterness! But what pleasure like the deep soul-pleasure which God gave you when He made you feel His presence in the dark hour of some sorrow! What pleasure ever made your day so sweet, your toil so light, your soul so strong, your eye so clear?

Is there any pain, disgust, sorrow, grief, care, worry, labor in your life today? Hold it up, let the sun of God's love shine through it and see that all the joys of heaven lie stored in it, like the seven colors in the ordinary light of day.

—Adapted from St. Alphonsus Liguori.

When a girl first starts using rouge, she is satisfied to tint her cheek bones. But a little later she is putting the stuff on with a putty knife.
—Exchange.

Charlie Chaplin gets a much bigger salary than the President of the United States—and less criticism.—*Lewiston Evening Journal*.

=====	Catholic Anecdotes	=====
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A DILEMMA

A little Irish girl who was forced to go to a public school, which was under the direction of a particularly begot teacher, was often compelled to listen to insults against our Blessed Lady. This would bring the tears to the little one's eyes. One day a distinguished visitor, a Protestant, was inspecting the school. In his presence, the teacher called on the child and asked :

"You say, Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is Queen of heaven ; where did you get that ? Who taught you that ?"

The little one believed with all her soul, had always believed that Mary reigned in heaven ; but she had never asked herself how she got to know it. So at first she tried to squirm away from her questioner. At last, shaking the long curls back from her face and regaining confidence, she answered :

"You ask me, how do I know that the Blessed Virgin is in heaven ? Well, if she isn't in heaven, where is she ? You, being a Protestant, do not believe in Purgatory ; if she is not in heaven, then she must be in hell. But Jesus would surely not be an amiable Son if he allowed the Mother, whom he so loved, to be in hell !"

The Protestant visitor on hearing this explanation, which seems so simple to every Catholic, marvelled at the wisdom of this little child.

THE FUNERAL FEAST

The Emperor Domitian, wishing to inspire with deep and lasting fear some of his courtiers, whom he had reason to suspect of treachery, invited them to a feast ; and on their arrival had them ushered into a large dismal room, decorated in the most funeral manner. A solitary lamp shed its pale and ghastly light around ; instead of a table, was a bier ; for plates and dishes, instruments of torture, and for a wine cup, a funeral urn, on which was engraven in black letters the name of each guest. The mournful silence which reigned everywhere was only broken at intervals by the most dismal music, and accompanied by a kind of exhibition in which slaves represented various tragical deaths. Who can describe the fear and panic with which all guests were seized ?

Each one thought his last hour was come. Domitian at last permitted them to depart after having made them feel, by this fearful lesson, that the lives of conspirators were in his hands.

May we not also say that God does the same kind of thing by us, but from motives of affection? Time after time he puts before our eyes scenes of mortality so that the death of those around may cry to us with the eloquent and persuasive voice, "Today *we* die, tomorrow it will be you."

CHANGED

A rich lady dreamed that she went up to heaven and there she saw a mansion being built.

"Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage with hardly enough room for his family. What would he do in a mansion like that?"

"He might live better if he did not give away so much to poor folks," answered the guide.

Further on in her journey, she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you," answered the guide again.

"But I live in a mansion on earth and I do not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The master builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up from earth."

Then she awoke resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our daily lives? Is it being sent up?—*Catholic Citizen*.

HOW MUCH HE LOVED

A little boy declared he loved his mother "with all his strength". He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength". He said:

"Well, I'll tell you. You see we live on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there is no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very

strong; so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs, all by myself; and its a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—*The Protectory News*.

APPEARANCES DECEIVE

It is not well to judge by appearances, for sometimes the saddest heart hides behind the smile. A famous doctor was once consulted by a melancholy-looking man who could find no remedy for his disease.

"You need cheering up," said the doctor. "Go and hear the famous comedian tonight; and, my word for it, you will need no medicine,"

"Alas!" said the poor man, "I cannot!"

"Why not?" said the doctor.

"Because I am he," was the conclusive reply.

THE FOUNT OF CHIVALRY

Blessed Henry Suso, the German mystic relates: "One day as I was walking down a narrow lane, I met a woman; I stepped into the mud to let her pass. 'Kind sir,' she said, 'why do you, a priest of God, step aside to let me pass? 'Tis I should do you the honor.' 'Nay, lady,' I said, 'I must show reverence to all women for the sake of my Blessed Lady and Queen of Heaven.'"—*Ave Maria*.

THE MAGNET IRRESISTIBLE

In the year 1666, Nicholas Stenon, a Danish Protestant and famous scientist, while travelling in Italy, happened to stop in Leghorn during the octave of Corpus Christi. He was just making a sightseeing trip through one of the streets, when he saw the procession of the Blessed Sacrament coming toward him. He quickly looked for a favorable position from which he might view the whole proceeding; and what did he see? He saw the people file by in procession: children, youths, maidens, men and women—each one devoted, modest, sunk in prayer so that vivid faith in the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament could be read in their very faces. Then followed a number of priests who accompanied the Blessed Sacrament with lights and fragrant censers. At last came the Bishop, who carried the monstrance

with a devotion that could not but forcibly impress every reverent beholder. The officials of the city, all vying with the ordinary people in marks of reverence, closed the procession.

Stenon was deeply impressed. These men, he said to himself, are all thoroughly convinced that Jesus Christ is truly present in the Sacred Host. If this belief of theirs were not true, he continued to argue, all these people would be deceived, they would be fools and this whole performance would be a farce. But this is unthinkable, it is impossible. This devotion, this reverence, this faith, shared by so many people, and among them just the very best, the noblest and most learned, cannot possibly rest upon a deception. The Host before which they bow in adoration cannot be mere bread—the belief of Catholics in the Real Presence must be true.

These thoughts kept crowding into his mind as the Blessed Sacrament approached him, and when at last, it passed just before him, he felt irresistibly drawn to his knees: he believed, he adored like the rest. From that time on he prayed fervently, read much and studied diligently in books on Catholic teaching. He became a Catholic, a priest, and died as Bishop of Hannover.

THE KING'S FORBEARANCE

The Duke of Orleans ascended the throne of France, and was to be henceforth King Louis. His accession had been disputed and there were grave fears that his power would be overthrown. One thing saved it—his charity towards his enemies. "Now," said his friends, "you can punish all those who have so long ill-treated you." "No," replied the monarch: "the King of France knows not nor cares for insults offered to the Duke of Orleans." This had a great effect upon his persecutors, who ceased to trouble him, and he reigned in peace.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY

Tophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter, saying: "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they don't burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

LATE IN LEARNING

Frederick Soulié, the celebrated French novelist, was dying. He had been brought up without any religious training and had never learned a word of prayer. The unhappy man was not thinking of his soul. A Sister of Charity, who had come to nurse him, was kneeling at the foot of his bed, saying her Rosary with all her heart. Tears were in her eyes and slowly rolled down her cheeks. The dying man lifted his head.

"What are you saying there, Sister? *Our Father, Who art in heaven?* That is very nice. Say it again for me!"

And the good Sister began again.

"Why, that is grand! I wish to learn it from you."

And as a child learns his prayers from the lips of his mother, so the novelist on his deathbed learned word by word the Lord's Prayer from the lips of an angel of charity, whose prayers had touched the Heart of God. This man had blasphemed and had done his best to hinder the kingdom of God on earth. But now he repeated touchingly: "*Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come!*" He died in the peace of repentance, after being reconciled with God, and murmuring these strong and comforting words.

"JUST YOU WAIT"

It was Saturday night, and the children were full of mischief and noise, as children usually are.

"It's lucky for you that I have been to confession today," said the tired mother. "But just you wait until I come home from Communion tomorrow, and then you'll catch it."

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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ALLELUIA

He is risen as He said, Alleluia! "As He said"—the seal and stamp and watchword of our confidence. "As he said"—it was a profession of His own divinity and open challenge to the world to deny it, when He made the statement that He would bring Himself back to life after His crucifixion. And He has done it—"as He said". The veracity that has stood that supreme test can no longer be doubted. Oh, what an anchor of hope in this proof of His fidelity when earth and hell join forces to throw us into despair! In the deepest, blackest darkness of temptation's night, we will hold fast to this anchor—"as He said, as He said". He said too: Pray always—ask and you shall receive. We will pray; we will ask; from the very hell of our raging, blinding passions, we will ask. With the confidence that forces the hands of the Omnipotent, we will ask. And He will hear and save us—"as He said, Alleluia!"

WHY GOOD FRIDAY?

Good Friday! Oh, why should we call you good, you who betrayed and slew the Son of God! Ah, cruel Friday! Deicide Friday! Should we not rather curse you as Job cursed the day of his birth! Let that day perish! Let that day be turned into darkness, let not God regard it from above, and let not the light shine upon it! Let darkness, and the shadow of death cover it, let a mist overspread it, and let it be wrapped up in bitterness! Let a darksome whirlwind seize upon it, let it not be counted in the days of the year nor numbered in the months!

Evil Friday! Is that day evil which witnessed the supreme proof of love—supreme even for the power of Omnipotence? Is that day evil whereon our Divine Friend stamped the final seal upon our friendship: greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend! Is that day evil whereon our sins were nailed to the tree, our slaves' chains broken, our death sentence torn in pieces, our Father's home thrown open to us, our sonship restored, and our eternal blessedness assured? O Friday, that destroyed great evils by a still greater good! Good, good Friday! May God be ever blessed for giving us such a Friday!

"NAMES IS NAMES"

"Names is names," as Uncle Josh would say. But sometimes you would almost think names were sure-enough people, the way they are mistreated. An example right to hand is the name of this magazine. A glance at the daily mail coming into this office shows with what inhumanity this beautiful and significant name is constantly assailed by heartless pens and typewriters and still more heartless addressographs. At one time it is "Lignorian" . . . apparently from "lignum", the Latin for "wood"—a doubtful compliment to the brainbox of the editors. At other times it is "Legurium", "Legnorium", or "Ignorian". But the most unkindest cut of all is when we are publicly paraded through the government mails as the "Liquorian". Even though we may not have taken up the prohibition movement with all the burning ardor its promoters would wish, we still maintain that we have given no one just grounds for treating us as the official organ of John Barleycorn and dubbing us the "Liquorian".

This magazine is called "Liguorian" from Liguori, the family name of Alphonsus Mary de Liguori, a Neapolitan nobleman, who was first a brilliant lawyer, and afterwards a tireless missionary, a world-famed writer, bishop of St. Agatha, founder of the Redemptorist Order of missionary priests, canonized saint, and Doctor of the Universal Church.

MARRIAGE

Urbain Gohier, editor of the Paris Journal, has issued a patriotic appeal to his young countrymen and countrywomen. It deals with a question which is all important for the continuance of France as a nation—immeasurably more important than soldiers or munitions of war. It is marriage. He decries the European custom of parents bargaining and arranging marriage for their children regardless of any but the monetary considerations. He recommends the "American plan" according to which marriage is based solely on love.

Would it not be better to attend less to either the "European plan" or the "American plan" and more to the Christian plan? The Christian plan excludes passion, infatuation, but by no means "true love". This love it strengthens, sanctifies, and makes loyal and lasting. On the other hand it excludes undue solicitude for material goods, but not

a prudent provision for the future that will give the newly married a reasonable insurance against want. However, what it looks to chiefly and above all, are the qualities of soul. The determining question for one contemplating marriage on the Christian plan is this: Is this partner one with whom I can live peacefully and happily, save my soul, and bring up worthy children for the kingdom of heaven?

HISTORIC HATCHETS

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has petitioned the legislature of Kansas for permission to erect on the State House grounds a fountain and a statue in honor of Carrie Nation, who with her little hatchet smashed the windows, bottles, and glasses of illegal saloons in the Sunflower State. The gentle Carrie, done in bronze before the Kansas Capitol, hatchet in hand. The Father of his Country, armed with a hatchet, in the Capitol of the Union. The redskin, the only genuine, un-hyphenated American, brandishing his hatchet before every cigar store in the land! The hatchet bids fair to become the national emblem. Well, the hatchet rather than the hammer any day, say we!

AN INSPIRATION OR A STUMBLING BLOCK

Christian maiden, in the dulcet reveries in which you indulge after saying your adieux to your "friend" on Sunday night, you ask yourself a host of questions: Did he like my new gown? Did I appear at my best? Was he impressed by my bright repartee? Did he . . .? Was I . . .? And so on through the ages-old interrogatory. Fair daughter of Eve, let us suggest one more question for your self-imposed catechism: Did he leave me to-night with increased respect for virtue and for womanhood, with new resolves to lead a pure life and added strength to succeed in the attempt?

ANARCHY

Anarchy comes from the two Greek words, *a* and *arche*. It means lawless, without a head. Anarchy in the State would be a deplorable calamity, but anarchy in the home is worse. Our thoughtless, pleasure-loving young people, whose endless round of amusements has never left them a moment for serious thoughts, who have never learned the first lesson of self-control, marry and become fathers and mothers.

They forbid their child some unbecoming act. The pampered child is quick with an impertinent, precocious retort. The parents exchange a smile—it is “so cute”. When at length the antics of the child reach an exasperating stage, the parents attack it in a fit of angry passion. The child being the weaker of the combatants, is overcome—not by respect for parental authority, but by brute force—and falls back for defence on duplicity and falsehood. Is this family life, or is it anarchy?

A FALSE ALARM

A writer in the *Catholic Sentinel* (Portland) is worried, and says that there is a very large per cent of spinsters among convent graduates “because they have been taught, explicitly or implicitly, that even a normal attraction towards the other sex is wrong”. The aforesaid writer’s heart goes out in pity to the convent graduate who stutters out replies to simple questions as she tries to remember all the maxims she has ever been taught in regard to behavior in the presence of the opposite sex.

These well-meant words would do harm were they to impress either convent girls or their teachers with the belief that there should be any curtailment in the lessons of Christian modesty and prudence and true maidenly reserve. Would to God that there were more, instead of fewer schools, where these virtues were taught! Let no spinster ever think, and much less say, that these virtues were the obstacles in the way of her securing a worthy husband.

'T WAS EVER THUS

Some good people derive little profit from confession because they don’t make it right. How can they confess weekly for months and even years and never vary by so much as a sentence the stereotyped list of sins the confessor has long since learned by heart! Is it not because they have never set themselves down in earnest to an examination of conscience? No two days of their life are exactly alike. Therefore the faults they commit are not the same each day; much less are they the same each week. Take yesterday, for instance: When you awoke in the morning, you found that it was raining, and the plans you had formed could not be carried out. Did you make an act of resignation to God’s Holy Will? Then your old headache or your rheumatic pains came back again. Did you give vent to impatience?

In the course of the day you met an old friend? Did you fall into that habit of uncharitable criticism? The dinner tasted better than usual. Did you make a glutton of yourself, or did you generously leave the lion's share of the good things for the rest of the family? A discussion arose as to when we had the first snow last winter or the first robin last spring. Did you remember to yield your point like a Christian to keep peace in the family? What an altogether new list of sins you would have to confess if you examined yourself candidly on your conduct even for that one day! How much more meaning there would be in your act of contrition, and how much more practical your purpose of amendment!

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

Since you have become a daily communicant you are a marked man—or a marked woman. They know you approach the Holy Table every day—the neighbors do—and they watch you. They expect to see the result in your conduct. They expect you to be a better Christian than they, and if you do not come up to their expectations they are scandalized. They say among themselves that you gossip, that you criticize the priest, that you are vain about your appearance, that you make things unpleasant at home, that you "have a temper", that you are slovenly about your work—and you a daily communicant! Remember this, and while you have the privilege of daily Communion, try not to scandalize your weaker brethren.

Since you have become a daily communicant, God expects more of you. The Holy Father stated in his decree on frequent Communion that venial sin does not stand in the way of frequent Communion, but he says too, that anyone that receives Communion daily with the proper dispositions cannot help overcoming, little by little, all habits of deliberate venial sin. Are you doing this? Are you overcoming, little by little, your habits of deliberate venial sin? If not, then you have a clear proof that you are not receiving with the right dispositions. Look seriously into the matter; it is important. Take care that you do not go to Communion through custom or vanity or human respect, but through a serious desire to do God's will, to grow in His holy love, and to obtain strength to overcome your faults. "Noblesse oblige!" Since God has given you the inestimable grace of daily Communion He has a right to expect a generous response—and He does expect it.

Protestant churches of the United States lead the world in gifts to foreign missions. The total gifts for this cause for last year amounted to \$19,294,000 in the United States and \$1,135,000 in Canada. This is an increase of \$2,100,000, or more than three times the average annual increase in the last ten years.—*Exchange.*

While Protestants give so lavishly of their substance to spread a mistaken doctrine, surely Catholics will not allow Catholic missions to languish for want of means to support the devoted missionaries and to build the poor churches and schools without which our fellowmen in heathen lands cannot be instructed and trained in the one true faith.

Mrs. Rosalind Guggenheim Punch Winslow, author of "Letters of a Dakotah Divorcee," and her second husband, Horatio, are parted. It is understood that Mrs. Winslow and her husband agreed to disagree over their mutual interest in psycho-analysis. They decided to live apart, said her sister. They felt the best way to remain good friends was to keep away from each other. It was all very amicably arranged. Horatio Winslow is also a writer. In his senior year at the University of Wisconsin he wrote the Haresfoot Club Play. He is a son of Justice Winslow of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. If a divorce does result from the present separation it will not be the first experience of Mrs. Winslow, for she divorced Jack Punch in Sioux Falls seven years ago.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Evil associations corrupt good manners. Our "intellectuals" and "society folk" have so completely lost their bearings with regard to the most elementary principles of morality that Christians cannot hobnob with them without imminent danger to faith and virtue. To avoid this danger will require a sacrifice, but ever since the first days of Christianity true Christians have counted their faith worth a sacrifice.

Suffrage leader lauds Eve for eating apple. Doctor Anna Howard Shaw sees in act first step towards acquiring knowledge.—*Headline.*

Suffrage leaders must learn to abstain from blasphemy in their public utterances and from unnatural sins in their private lives before they can hope for the support of Christian womanhood.

Senator Montee of Crawford County, author of the bill prohibiting the shipment of liquor into Kansas by common carrier, announced to-day that he was being deluged with letters from religious organizations all over the State asking him to make one exception—to amend the measure in such a manner as to allow the shipment of wine for sacramental purposes. As author of the bill he desired to have it go through the senate absolutely prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquor into Kansas for any purpose whatsoever. "If wine and other liquors are a bad thing for average humanity they are not a necessity for religious worship," said Montee. "There's no reason in the world why a religious organization should use intoxicating liquor even in the smallest amount for religious worship."—*Exchange.*

Ignorance never appears so narrow and contemptible as when it struts in public under the hallucination that it is wisdom.

<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Events</h2>	<div style="border-top: 3px double black; border-bottom: 3px double black; height: 1.2em; margin: 0 auto; width: 80%;"></div>
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The Twelfth Catholic Congress, with representatives from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Spain, and Switzerland was held at Zurich, Switzerland, February last. Much important business was transacted, and a message of loyalty to the Holy See was telegraphed to the Pope, who in reply sent his apostolic blessing.

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When the Catholic Church at Oxford, Ohio, was burned the Episcopal pastor and congregation invited the Catholics to hold services in the Episcopal church.

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The Holy Father has sent twenty thousand francs to aid the starving Lithuanians.

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"The Knights of Columbus is a patriotic body formed to maintain the ideals and standards of our Catholic forefathers, and if war should come, we stand ready to follow and emulate the great men of the past and on our country's altar again to pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."—*Judge O'Brien in the Continental Memorial Hall, New York.*

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The report has just become public that the Holy Father, at the consistory held before Christmas created a Polish cardinal "in petto"—Prince Adam Sapieha, Prince-Bishop of Cracow.

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Cardinal O'Connell announced that all the societies and agencies connected with the archdiocese of Boston would be placed at the disposal of the government "in the event of so unhappy a condition as that of hostilities between the United States and other countries." The director of the diocesan charitable bureau was ordered to make a survey of the service which might be extended by such organizations.

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We can form some idea of the number of priests connected in some capacity with the Catholic University when we know that seventy Masses are said daily on the university grounds.

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W. J. Moriarity has been acting as special agent for the Knights of Columbus on the Mexican border. Inspired by the great good accomplished among the soldiers, he is urging the knights to build chapels and clubhouses for Catholic enlisted men in all the larger military posts throughout the country.

Our Protestant brethren have found means of drawing on the funds of the Rockefeller foundation for their missions in foreign lands.

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St. Louis is to have a Catholic Historical Society with the Mississippi Valley and particularly the old diocese of St. Louis as its special field of investigation.

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It is encouraging to learn that Catholic schools, especially those conducted by the brothers are making encouraging progress in Japan.

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The Catholic Governor of New Mexico, E. C. DeBaca, died February 18th. Archbishop Pitaval and two sisters of Charity were with him in his last hours.

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Rumor has it that a coadjutor will soon be named for the Bishop of Denver. The bishop is in poor health and has been taking treatment for some time at St. Anthony's Hospital.

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John C. Markoe, late captain of the Minnesota National Guard, has entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo. He had served with the Minnesota troops on the Mexican border during the summer.

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Joseph M. Rault, of New Orleans, won the position of assistant attorney to the Interstate Commerce Commission over 486 competitors in a rigid examination. Mr. Rault began his education in St. Mary's Parochial School (Redemptorist) and finished in the Catholic University at Georgetown.

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Three years of selfdenial on the part of 540 young women of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Xavier's Parish, Cincinnati, were ended last week when they contributed \$5,000 to the Good Samaritan Hospital to endow a bed in that institution. The gift was made through the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Most of the girls in the organization—indeed 90 per cent of them—are working girls, who gave the funds from their own pockets. The girls' method of raising the fund was to take advantage of the Lenten season to place the money they would otherwise have spent on amusements into a fund. It took three Lenten seasons to raise the fund. The Young Ladies' Sodality will now devote its funds to mission work.

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A fierce fight is on in the Senate of the Philippine Islands. Manuel Quezon is striving to force an iniquitous divorce law upon the Catholic population of the islands.

The plan of the Kansas City Assembly of the Knights of Columbus to offer prizes to the public and parochial school pupils for annual essays on patriotic subjects was approved by President Cammack of the Board of Education, and he has promised his hearty cooperation in making it a success.

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A film, which is on a par with "The Unborn" and other like filth, has been repressed severely in Chicago. Judge Landis ordered that it "should be buried deep and never resurrectd".

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The late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has given his entire private fortune, amounting to \$12,000,000, for the care of wounded and crippled soldiers, and for the support of the widows and orphans of the war.

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The superior of the Passionist monastery at West Hoboken, New Jersey, has established a day nursery for the poor children of the parish. It will be open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. and will be in charge of one of the sisters. When the nursery is more firmly established, it will also be a registry for trained nurses who may be called upon to visit sick persons too poor to pay for such services.

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Commodore R. T. Mulligan, of the United States Navy, son of Col. J. B. Mulligan, died at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 23.

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It is gratifying to see that the daily papers did not strike out the story of the edifying priestly solicitude of Father Sargent for his fellow passengers on the torpedoed Laconia.

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In a matchless edition of the Sunday Visitor, March 11, Father Noll cites case after case where the convent inspection law acted as a boomerang bringing to public notice the excellence of Catholic Institutions and the meanness of their villifiers.

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In recognition of her generous interest in charity and Catholic education, Mrs. Catherine Cudahy, widow of Michael Cudahy, has been created a countess by Pope Benedict XV.

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On "LAETARE" Sunday of each year the University of Notre Dame confers a medal upon some lay Catholic who has deserved well of the Church. The "Laetare" medal was given this year to Admiral Benson.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

If a child is brought up by good Catholic parents and lives up to his religion, but at the age of about twenty-one gets into bad company, goes so far as to commit murder, and dies as a criminal, did God intend such a death for this person when He placed him on this earth? If He did, how reconcile this with that passage of Scripture which says: "God willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live"? If He did not intend it all, how could it happen against His will, since it is also said in Scriptures "Not a hair shall fall from your head but that my Father wills it"?

There is no contradiction between the Scripture texts you quote. The latter text does not say that God wills the sins of men. Reason and faith tell us that God must hate sin. There is sin in the world, not because God wills it, but because men will it. God has given us a free will. If man wishes he may avoid sin, and then he is doing what God wants him to do. If man abuses his free will to commit sin, then he is doing what God does not want him to do. The text which says that God willeth not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live, does not refer to the death of the body but of the soul and means simply that God wants sinners to be converted, not that He will force them to give up sin.

If frequent Confession and Communion are so good for our souls, why does not the Church require us to go oftener than once a year to these Sacraments?

Your question implies that the Church requires us to go to Confession once a year. This however is not the case. The law of the Church to which you refer demands only that we receive Holy Communion once a year during the Easter time. A person who is in the state of grace would fulfil this law by going to Communion even without going to Confession. But, of course, a person who has committed mortal sins since his last Confession is obliged to go to Confession before receiving his Easter Communion.

But why does not the Church require

us to go to these Sacraments frequently? The answer is that the Church does not wish to give occasion to sins by making laws which many people would probably violate. There was a time when the Church required the faithful to go to Holy Communion several times during the year. But, unfortunately, in the course of time the fervor of the faithful decreased and they failed in great numbers to obey the laws of the Church in this regard. The Church then was content to insist on Holy Communion at least once a year.

The failure of the Church to make such a law as you speak of can not be attributed to any indifference on her part. It is evident that she is most anxious for us to receive Holy Communion frequently. You know that the late Pope Pius X urged all the faithful to go to Holy Communion even every day. Any one who has the true interests of his soul at heart will not fail to go to Confession every week and to Communion every day if possible.

Would it be wrong for a Catholic to attend a Billy Sunday revival?

While Mr. Sunday may do a great deal of good by his revivals, it cannot be denied that these revivals are a form of religious service which must be looked on by Catholics as heretical. To take part in these services would be a sin against faith. Merely to attend these meetings, for instance, out of curiosity, might be to endanger one's faith or to give scandal. We think therefore that it would ordinarily be wrong for a Catholic to attend Mr. Sunday's revivals, just as it would ordinarily be wrong to attend the services in any Protestant Church.

In order that their marriage engagement be valid, what must Catholics do?

Under the former legislation of the Church a promise of marriage was recognized by the Church as valid and as involving certain impediments to marriage with other persons, even when such promise of marriage was only privately made by word of mouth. The new law of the Church, "Ne Temere", is as follows: "Only those

betrotals will be held as valid and as inducing the canonical effects which are contracted in writing, signed by the parties, and either by the parish-priest, or by the Ordinary, or at least by two witnesses." This does not mean that such a solemn engagement is necessary for marriage: marriage is quite lawful without any engagement at all. Neither does it mean that the old form of engagement is forbidden. But what it does mean is that the engagement, when not made with the formalities above described, is not recognized by the Church as entailing canonical effects,—v. g., it does not make marriage with some other person unlawful or invalid.

Who founded the Sisters of St. Joseph?

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, so well known in this country for all it has done especially in the interests of Catholic education, was founded at Le Puy, in Velay, France, by the Rev. Jean-Paul Medaille of the Society of Jesus, about the year 1650.

What is meant by the Ember days?

In Latin these days are known as the "quatuor tempora" and it is generally believed that the English name is a corruption of this, from the resemblance between "tempora" and "ember". The ember days are the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the 13 December, after Ash-Wednesday, after Whitsunday, and after the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. These days are days of fast and abstinence. It is said that they are a Christianizing of certain pagan feasts observed by the Romans. At first the ember days were observed only three times a year in June, September, and December. They were definitely arranged and prescribed for the entire Church by Pope Gregory VII.

What is the difference between calumny, detraction, and rash-judgment?

Calumny consists in accusing a person of a crime of which he is not guilty. It is a lie and at the same time a sin of injustice against the right of our neighbor to his good reputation.

Detraction and back-biting are the same thing and mean telling the real sins of our neighbor to one who was ignorant of them. This is not a lie but is a sin of injustice.

Rash judgment consists in holding some one to be wicked or to have done wrong when there is no sufficient founda-

tion for such judgment. It is also a sin of injustice.

One who has been guilty of calumny or detraction is obliged to make good the injury he has done to his neighbor's reputation and also any injury the neighbor has suffered in his material goods because of the detraction or calumny.

Who was the "Curé of Ars?"

The person you refer to is Blessed Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, who was the curé, which means parish-priest of Ars, a little town near Lyons in France. He was born in 1786 and died in 1859. He distinguished himself chiefly by his holiness of life and by his success as a confessor and director of souls. During the last ten years of his life he used to spend from sixteen to eighteen hours every day in the confessional and people flocked from all parts of France and even from other countries to receive his spiritual advice, their number reaching in 1855 as high as twenty thousand. God confirmed the holiness of this simple priest by miracles performed before and after his death and in 1905 he was declared Blessed. Pope Pius X proposed him as a model of the parochial clergy.

What is the meaning of the ashes which the priest sprinkles on the head of the faithful on Ash-Wednesday?

Ashes are blessed on Ash-Wednesday and sprinkled on the foreheads of the faithful in order to remind them that they are dust and that into dust they shall return. This is intended to foster that spirit of humility and penance and mortification with which the faithful should begin the observance of the holy season of Lent.

Is it ever lawful for a priest to pass any one kneeling at the communion rail without giving him communion?

The priest is never allowed to refuse the Blessed Sacrament to sinners whose sins he knows only through the confessional. But if a notorious public sinner came to the rail who had not beforehand shown a change of life, or made his confession, or if one came who is publicly known to be excommunicated, or one who is insane, or a child not yet instructed, or a person living in open scandalous cohabitation or with a divorced partner, or one who is intoxicated, or one who is immodest in apparel or lack of apparel and in similar cases, the priest must refuse Communion.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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The Lily of Israel. By Abbé Gerbet. A new and revised edition with a foreword by Father Livingston. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price 75 cents. To many of us a great part of the lives of our Blessed Mother and her Divine Child are closed books. With a pious curiosity we would search these unknown pages to discover all the little events, the every-day events that made their lives so great. The Abbe Gerbet's life of Our Lady, so interestingly and touchingly told, is just the work to satisfy this pious curiosity. The author has kept in mind the important fact that the lives of Jesus and Mary are the ideals, the models upon which we are to fashion our lives; and, therefore, he has not fixed his eyes on the supernatural alone and closed them to the natural. The present edition has done away with the many strange uses of words, the frequent unhappy turns of phrases, the occasional strange and far-fetched incidents that detracted from the merit of the old translation.

Father Tim's Talks. By Very Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R. Vol II. B. Herder. The fact that the first volume of Father Tim's Talks is in its third edition as its companion volume comes out promises well for the reception which this will receive. The generous praise given the first volume by the reviewers can well be repeated of the second. The first talk on "Courtship" was published in pamphlet form by Father Finn, S. J., and we are informed that five hundred copies were sold within twenty-four hours. Excellent as this talk is we are more inclined to select the last one of this book as the best. The sweet pathos of the incident described is worthy of the best of short story writing. The publishers are to be complimented on the neat get up of the book and on the low price they set even when war prices are prevalent. The book sells for 75c.

The Sulpitians in the United States. By Charles Herbermann, LL. D. The Encyclopedia Press: New York. This is the last golden nugget mined from the deep rich intellect of the late Charles G. Herbermann. The established reputation of the author would be a sufficient guarantee for the merit of this history even though one had

not perused its highly interesting and instructive pages. As American born Catholics we should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Church in our country from its humblest and difficult beginnings to its present glorious and progressive condition. Dr. Herbermann essays to help us in this agreeable duty by describing the important part played in the building up of the Church in the United States by the Sulpitian Fathers. The work is a beautiful tribute to those men, outlining their aims, their work in our ecclesiastical seminaries and in their apostolic labors for souls when the harvest was great and the laborers few.

The book has interesting sketches on such beacon lights among the American hierarchy as Dubois, Flaget, Dubourg, Brute, and others. A wreath of reverence seems to encircle this book when we remember that Dr. Herbermann completed it despite his loss of sight and counted all his difficulties in its preparation as "a labor of love". Price, \$2.25.

Prolegomena to an Edition of the Works of Decimus Magnus Ausonius. By Sister Marie Jose Byrne. Columbia University Press. We introduce this book to our readers for a twofold purpose: first, because of its own value; and secondly, because of the circumstance which brought it to the public. Any one interested in the school-master of the fourth century will like to read the Prolegomena. He will see the Christian Master in the Pagan schools making verses on the most unpoetical of subjects. The circumstances of the writing has likewise its interest. This book is a dissertation written for the Doctorate in Philosophy at Columbia University, and represents, I believe, the first instance in which such a Degree has been conferred upon a Catholic Sister. The book sells for \$1.25.

There is always a fine supply of good books for the young appearing. Among those that can be recommended are: *Limpy, the Boy who felt Neglected.* By Wm. Johnson (Little, Brown, \$1.35); *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.* By G. W. Dascent (Putnam, \$1.25).

	Lucid Intervals	
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"So you want to know where flies come from, Tommy? Well, the cyclone makes the house-fly, the blacksmith makes the fire-fly, the carpenter makes the saw-fly, the driver makes the horse-fly, the grocer makes the sand-fly, and the lodger makes the butter-fly."

Barber—"Your hair's very thin on the top, sir."

Customer—"Ah, I'm glad of that; I hate fat hair."

Mr. Longsuffer—"Say, janitor, it's down to zero in my flat."

Janitor—"Down to zero, is it? That's nothing."

She—"The waiter is hanging around as though he expected something."

He—"Oh, yes; he's a tippical waiter."

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Wood B. Highbrow, "that those Russian Cassocks do not seem to be any match for the German Oologs."

Uplifter—"I can see good in all things."

Pat—"Can you see good in a fog?"

"What's yours?"

"Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch, thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it.

"But where is the saucer?" he inquired.

"We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."

He had told her the age-old story, and, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.

"Did you strike this man in an excess of irascibility?"

"No, sah; I done hit him in the stummick."

The Governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said, proudly, "is the head of the State militia."

"Oi, t'ought as much, ma'am," said Bridget, cheerfully. "Ain't he got th' foine malicious look?"

It must be awful cold outdoors, 'cause Arthur says it is."

"Arthur?"

"Arthurmometer."

Mother (who is teaching her child the alphabet)—"Now, dearie, what comes after 'g'?"

The Child—"Whiz!"

"I will bet you five dollars that you shall descend from that chair before I ask you twice."

"Done," said the gentleman, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently.

"Come down."

"I will not," was the reply.

"Then stop till I ask you a second time."

The gentleman having no desire to retain his good position till that period, came down from the chair, and his opponent won the wager.

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on milk, boil it." We should think there would be danger of letting the child boil too long.

"Did you ever see a house fly?" said Smith. "No," said Jones, "I thought no part of a house except the chimney flue."

Wife—"Oh, hubby, I bought a waist for a dollar ninety-nine and I gave the clerk a two-dollar bill. I just noticed that she gave me two cents change. Oh, dear—Oh, dear, am I guilty of theft?"

Hubby—"Clam yourself, dear wife, clam yourself, you are innocent."